

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

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THE MOUNTAINEER

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Poetry.

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old, distorted face,—
An uncouth visage, rough and wild;
Yet, from behind, with laughing grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so contrasting, fair and bright,
It made me of my fancy ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness might
Be but the baby in the mask?

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow,
And withered look that life puts on,
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For, while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old!

And pain and petulance and care
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Shape the strange guise the soul doth wear,
Till her young life looks forth again,

The beauty of his boyhood's smile,
What human faith could find it now
In yonder man of grief and guile,—
A very Cain, with branded brow!

Yet, overlaid and hidden, still
It lingers,—of his life a part;
As the scathed pine upon the hill
Holds the young fibres at its heart.

And haply, round the Eternal Throne,
Heaven's pitying angels shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known,
But for the face behind the mask!

Selections.

WHAT WAR HAS COST THE WORLD.

THERE was a time when Americans were in the habit of estimating the enormous cost of war. They did so for two reasons: first, to show the foolish nations that met in mortal combat to slaughter each other, what an expensive pastime they indulged in; and, secondly, to flatter themselves, whose "empire was peace." Now the case is different. In the whole country there are not three newspapers that touch the pecuniary side of war matters. It is too suggestive. Materials are in it to establish the fact that the United States, whose greatness was founded on peace, is about to commence one of the costliest struggles ever made in the world. Be it the task of the *Daily News* to enlighten people, then, let us see what expense wars have hitherto incurred:
The war preceding the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, cost \$130,000,000.
The Spanish war of 1739, settled for at Aix-la-Chapelle, cost \$270,000,000.
The war of the Spanish Succession cost \$311,000,000.
The treaty of Paris, in 1763, ended a bloody struggle, which cost \$560,000,000.
The War of American Independence cost England and this country \$930,000,000.
The war of ten years, which is known as "the French Revolution of 1793," cost \$230,000,000.
The war against the First Napoleon, which began in 1803 and ended in 1815, cost the extraordinary amount of \$5,800,000,000.
The Crimean war cost \$84,000,000.

The last Italian war (not including the hostilities between Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Bomba, etc.) cost \$45,000,000.

The last war in India cost England \$38,000,000.

The list might be doubled. It includes wars only of which definite statistics are on record. The cost of the present war here no statistician can estimate, because the loss to commerce, industry, and trade which it will involve is beyond the reach of calculating powers.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

A NEW BOMB-SHELL.

A new bomb-shell has been invented by Mr. Loftis Wood, of Brooklyn, which he claims will be more destructive than any projectile now used. Its form is similar to that of the ordinary shell. The interior walls are coated with a non-conducting composition which prevents the charge from fusing them. The charge is molten material poured in through an easily-closed gate or opening. The thickness of the shell is so arranged that whether it falls upon hard or soft earth, stone or wood, it bursts, and the contents fly in every direction, and in all shapes and quantities. If it strike wood, ignition instantly ensues, and if a human being, it passes down or through the body with the rapidity and effect of lightning. A series of test experiments have been tried both with cannon and projecting by hand. In one of the latter trials, a person standing imprudently near the spot of explosion, was struck by a descending piece of the falling about the size of a pea on the back of the neck. In an instant it traversed his body, scoring and searing a track for itself, and finally stopped in his foot. The injuries were not healed for nearly a month. This experiment was dropping a shell from the hand, at the height of fifteen feet upon a stone. When propelled from a cannon, its power of destruction may be imagined. The shell can be made in the form of a Minié ball, with a compartment to contain a combustible compound for the purpose of more extensive and rapid conflagrations. It has been offered by the inventor to the Government, in connection with his own services. The cost of the shell is only one-fourth that of the form at present used. We would ask if our Government has taken hold of this great invention.

A FABLE.

Two neighbors, whose names were Self and Will, attempted to cross a stream from opposite sides, upon a foot-bridge so narrow as to allow of but a single footman at the same time. They met about midway of the stream, where each insisted that the other must turn back and give the right of the way. Each claimed to be first on the bridge, and maintained his ground as a prior occupant. Each contended for this right as a matter of principle, which would allow of no concession. Each pleaded urgent and important business. Will felt himself morally bound to maintain his rights. Self could not in conscience make concessions without sacrificing his honest convictions. Argument resulted in angry words, and from hard words they soon came to blows, and in the struggle to maintain each his own rights, both fell together in the stream. Each with difficulty gained the shore, exhausted and shivering from a cold bath. Each consoled himself with the idea of "personal suffering for righteousness' sake;" and both became bitter enemies for life. While they were muttering revenge upon each other, two other neighbors, named Love and Kindness, met in like circumstances upon the same bridge. It was a meeting of glad surprise. They exchanged cheerful and happy greetings, and each insisted on yielding the right of way to his brother. Each desired to be first in the concession; and to carry out each other's principles, both twice crossed the bridge together. After a friendly chat they parted company, finding in their experience a practical reason for the injunction, "Let each esteem the other better than himself."

STARS OF DESTINY.

No one believes in Astrology now, because the order of celestial phenomena has been ascertained with remarkable precision. Yet how natural was the belief in starry influence! In the serenity of Asiatic skies, the majestic aspects of the stars would naturally attract incessant notice. It is a tendency, observable in children and savages, to suppose whatever interests them must also be interested in them. If we look up at the stars, do they not look down upon us? If we follow their course with interest, will they not likewise with interest follow ours? Hence the belief in astral influences. The child upon whose cradle Mars has smiled, will be credited with a martial career; the child born under Venus will be under her protection. These are the spontaneous beliefs. Before they can be discredited, men must, by a long process, have learned to check this tendency to suppose a direct relation between events which are simply coincident, and must have learned that the course of the stars and the course of human conduct are in no direct relation to each other. But this is a slow process; and until Science has been thus far established, Astrology, and all other superstitions, are unassailable.

IRISH TESTIMONY.

THACKERY has been police reporting for the London *Digest*. Here is a sample. Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London to "thrash" Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horse shoe." He was detected and brought before Mr. Justice Simpleman. A part of the examination is annexed:

Court—Well, sir, you came here from Manchester, didn't you?

Pat—Your Honor has answered correct.

Court—You see the complainant's head; it was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?

Pat—Ain't your Honor ather sayin' that a sharp instrument did?

Court (becoming restive)—I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head—you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?

Pat—The locomotive, yer Honor.

The Court (waxing warm)—Equivocating again, you scoundrel (raising up the horse shoe, and holding it before Pat) do you see that horse shoe, sir?

Pat—Is it a horse shoe, yer honor?

Court—Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horse shoe?

Pat—Begar no, your honor.

Court (angrily)—No?

Pat—No, yer honor; but can yerself tell?

Court—Of course I can, you stupid Irishman.

Pat (soliloquizing aloud) Oh! glory be to goodness, see what education is, yer honor; here a poor ignorant creature like meself wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

GIRLS, instead of morbidly thinking about getting husbands, should endeavor to deserve them. They are too apt to imagine that men are obtuse, and can be as easily snapped up as sea-gulls that fall on a ship's deck in a storm. They are woefully mistaken, and we would advise all husband hunters, as well as those innocent of the tricks of coquetry, to ponder well the following remarks.

One quality alone in a woman will recommend itself to a man of sense and discretion, and that is good temper. This in a wife is one of the guardians of home. A wife so gifted is blessed with a youthful freshness which cheers all around her. The sternest tears are melted by the gentleness of woman, and in no capacity can she more effectually develop this delightful power than in that of a wife. By her persuasive manners she solicits and commands obedience, and it should be her highest aim not to impair this power. To enable her to do this, it is necessary that she should know how to govern her temper; and this she must mainly effect by striving early to adapt herself to the exigencies incidental to her altered position.

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE FUTURE.

We send messages at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, by the telegraph; and as we cannot conceive of such velocity, it may be considered fast enough. The poet Cowper tells us that thought is more rapid:

"How fleet is a glance of the mind!

Compared with the speed of its flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,

And the swift-winged arrows of light."

If the poet is right—if thought does actually travel through space, as some contend, a real existence, then the magnetic telegraph may be slow in comparison. But our modes of locomotion are not fast enough to satisfy us. It takes nine hours to travel from New York to Boston—a long, hard day's work. We are shut up in a car, with small enjoyment of travel, in scenery and incident; and it is a tedious job. We can conceive of light, strong cars, of some kind, being shot, blown, or sucked through a tube three hundred miles long, in an hour or so. Our best steamships take nine days to cross the ocean. It ought to be done in fifty hours, or a little more than two days; and we may expect to see it done in three days in our life-time. The navigation of the air is a feat accomplished every day by millions of birds and insects. Even the flying-fish manages to navigate the atmosphere for a short period. When men navigate the air, it will not be in balloons, which are too large to be carried against strong currents of air. Men must fly in machines, modeled closely after birds or insects. Given a sufficient power, in steam or otherwise, in proportion to the weight, and flying from continent to continent is only a question of practical mechanics.

WORTH TREASURING.

SEND your child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss, as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherd. "My father—my mother loved me!" Fate cannot take away that heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep!

Miscellaneous.

It is now said that Mr. Harvey will not be recalled from Portugal, at least not for the present.

NOT PARTICULAR WHICH.—A Methodist minister in Ohio, being anxious to obtain a situation as chaplain in a regiment, wrote to the governor: "I am a methodist preacher of the North Ohio Conference, am forty-eight years of age, and will preach, pray or fight, as occasion requires."

KING COTTON.—A dinner was lately given in London, to Colonel Sir Arthur Cotton, just arrived from India, where he has done the state much service by his promotion of canalizing for the purpose of irrigation. The moral to be deduced from this according to *Vanity Fair* is, that English Cotton is superior to American Cotton; inasmuch as the former promotes irrigation, while the latter is only productive of irritation.

WEST INDIA FISH.—Nothing surprises a visitor from the Northern States to Havana, more than the fish he sees exposed for sale. Instead of the dull and drab colors which are common to the fish in northern latitudes, they exhibit the most brilliant hues. Some are striped with bands of gold and silver, the lustre of which is like that of the polished metals. The very eels are covered with shining blue, white and yellow streaks.

ONIOUS FRIDAY.—It is noticeable that many of the important events of the war have happened on Friday. The bombardment of Sumter was commenced on Friday; the troubles in Baltimore took place on Friday; the first and bloodiest riot in St. Louis occurred on Friday; the attack on Sewell's Point was made on Friday; the attack on Alexandria was made on Friday, and Ellsworth was shot on Friday.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF SECESSION LEADERS.—The *Wilmington Journal* thus describes Gen. Beauregard and Jefferson Davis:—"General Beauregard has not a single Anglo-Saxon feature in his face. The whole tone of his countenance and attitude would lead any one to expect him to speak in some of the languages of continental Europe. It is a French face, but of the style of Caviagnac or Lamoriciere. It is of the solid type of Frenchmen. Mr. Davis looks young for his age, which is well over fifty. He might be a preacher, for any fire-eating expression about him. But for the square and straightly opened eyes and habitually closed mouth, firm as iron, no one would suspect Mr. Davis of being the civil and military leader of a great national movement."

HIGH PRICES OF BOOKS IN EARLY TIMES.—Books in all ages have brought fabulous prices. St. Jerome said he ruined himself by buying a copy of the works of Origen. A large estate was given for a Treatise on Cosmography, by King Alfred, in 872. Two hundred sheep and five quarters of wheat have been exchanged a single Homily in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In our own times an illustrated copy of Macklin's Bible has produced five hundred guineas. A yet more superb copy is actually insured in a London office at \$15,000. The "Decameron," of 1471, was bought at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale, in 1812, by the Duke of Marlborough, for \$11,300.

DIRECT STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH EUROPE.—The establishment of a line of steamers between Charleston and Europe can no longer be regarded as a mere question of commercial policy. The independent position which the South has assumed among the nations of the earth, makes this enterprise a measure of political necessity. We are glad, therefore, to notice that a meeting of those who are to co-operate in the movement is called for this afternoon. The report of the committee upon the plans and proposals of an English steamship company will be submitted, and we hope that steps will immediately be taken to give the proper impetus to the great work. Let our merchants who are deeply interested in the success of the steamship line, come forward, one and all, and stand shoulder to shoulder to secure the early consummation of the great project.—*Charleston Mercury.*